

The Comickall Historie of

I hate him, for he is a Christian :
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes,
Even there vvhere Merchants most doe congregatē,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls Interest : Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him. *Bass: Shylocke*, doe you heare ?

Shyl. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere guesse of my memorie,
I cannot instantly raise up the grosse
Of full three thousand Ducats : vvhat of that ?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me ; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire ? Rest you faire good Signior,
Your worship vvvas the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome : is he yet possesse?
How much ye would ? *Shyl.* I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your Bond : and let me see, but heare you,
Me thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage. *Ant.* I doe never use it.

Shyl. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* vvvas
(As his wife Mother vvrought in his behalfe)
The third Possessor ; I, hee vvvas the third.

Ant. And vvhat of him, did he take Interest ?

Shyl. No, not take Interest, not as you would say
Directly Interest ; marke vvhat *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe vvvas comprēiz'd,
That all the Bandlings vvvhich vvvere streak't and pied

Should

the Merchant

Should fall as *Jacobs* hire, the Ewe
In end of Autumne, turned to the
And vvhen the worke of generati
Betweene these woolly breeders
The skilfull Shepherd pyl'd me c
And in the doing of the deed of k
He sticke them up before the fulf
Who then conceaving, did in ear
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, and t
This vvvas a way to thrive, and he
And thrift is Blessing, if men ste

Ant. This vvvas a venture Sir
A thing not in his power to bring
But swaid and fashion'd by the ha
Was this inserted to make Intere
Or is your gold and silver, Ewes
Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it
But note mee Signior.

Ant. Marke you this, *Bassan*
The Devill can cite Scripture for
An evil soule producing holy vv
Is like a villaine with a smiling
A goodly apple rotten at the hear
O vvhat a goodly out-side Falsho

Shyl. Three thousand Ducats,
Three months from twelve, the

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we

Shyl. Signior *Anthony*, many
In the Ryalto, you have rated
About my monies and my usanc
Still have I borne it with a patie
(For suffrance is the badge of all
You call me mis-beleeve, cut-
And spet upon my Jewish gabe
And all for use of that vvvhich is
Well then, it now appeares you
Goe to then, you come to me, an
Shylocke, we vvould have monie